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# Cataſcopos.

# A SVRVEIGH AND CRITIQVE CENSVRE OF THE CHRISTIAN WORLD.

*Eſt cuivis rigidi facilis cenſura cachinni:*
*Eſto. Ego fungoſæ plebis ludibria ſperno.*

LONDON
From the Preſſe of WILLIAM STANSBY,
and are to be ſold by *Iohn Smethwicke.*
1615.

*Cum ſapiant pauci, paucis placuiſſe laboro,*
*Hoc tantum cupio, complacuiſſe bonis.*

# Cataſcopos.

*Suus cuiq; genius ſuum et ingenium.*

FAr from the turmoils of this worlds affairs,
Whence ſtill ſucceeding ſeas of endles woes,
Like *Hydra's* heads inflicting new deſpairs,
Confound the ſoule with falſe deluding ſhowes:
In ſecret Cel, with ſweet content diuided,
I ſigh to ſee how mankind is miſguided.

*Linquo Coax ranis, Ka coruis, vanaq; vanis:*
*Ad Logicam pergo quæ mortis non timet ergo.*
*Hic vacuo curis licet hic cantare ſub antro,*
*Et procul è ſpeculo fluctus ſpectare furentes.*

# *Cataſcopos.*

I ſee great kings that mightie Septers ſwaie,
And take their vowes, the *Goſpel* to protect:
Giue damned *Atheiſme* priuiledge and waie,
As though the *Goſpel* were of none effect.
Yet is the *Goſpel* vnder foule diſguiſe,
Proclaimd the cauſe, whence Chriſtian wars ariſe.

*Quicquid delirant reges plectuntur Achiui.*

I ſee

# Cataſcopos.

I ſee how *Moſes* chaſt ſeat is deſorn'd,
By brothel inceſt of adult'rous frie,
That *Iohn* and *Peters* pouertie haue ſcorn'd,
To glut themſelues with ſenſuall *Sodomie:*
Oage, wherein the Lamps that light ſhould ſhine,
From vertue, truth and true zeale do decline!

*Domus mea domus orationis, &c.*

*Optime hic ſuo fungitur officio, qui*
*ſtudet bene viuere.*

# *Cataſcopos.*

I ſee good lawes for godlie vſe diuiſed,
The iuſt mans right, and rigor for offenſes
By filthie lucre maſqued and diſguiſed.
Truth's but a ſound to ſhadow ſoule pretenſes:
For pride, ambition, ire and auarice
Do dull, dimme, blanch and blind the wiſeſt eies.

*Pacis lex, legis ligamentum, iuſticia eſt.*

I ſee

# *Cataſcopos.*

I ſee how wars, the *Canker* of Eſtate,
Hèls image and al common weales downthrow,
Spring from the proud ambitious harts debate,
Where rancor, ſpleene, and enuie ouerflow:
Not multitudes of men *conqueſt* atchieue:
Tis onely God that victorie doth giue.

*Armaira, vindictaq; Dei.*

*Fraterno primi maduerunt ſanguine fratres.*
*Fraterno primi maduerunt ſanguine muri.*
*Innocuo ſitiens ſanguine Roma madet.*

I ſee

# *Cataſcopos.*

I ſee how *Phyſique*, natures imitation,
By fauour, not for art or rul's eſtemed,
An old wifs tale; an emperiqu's relation
In high repute, without deſert is demed:
Coſenage, conceipts, impoſturs, and illuſion,
Haue brought this worthy ſcience to confuſion.

*His, quamuis palpant tenebras, eſt facta poteſtas*
*Excruciandi agros, hominesq; impunè necandi.*

I ſee

# *Cataſcopos.*

I ſee the Cuſtome in *Mechanique* arts
Far from the truth of antient vſe deſcended,
Expoſing falſhoods for the faithfull parts,
Which former conſcience in their trades intended:
But all is one, in this phantaſtique aage,
*Phanſie* and falſhood ioyne in equipaage.

*Ætas parentum peior auis,*
*Hos tulit nequiores,*
*Daturos progeniem vitioſiorem.*

I ſee

# *Cataſcopos.*

I ſee craft crept into the clowted ſhooe:
The ploughmans life that happie lifs diſgrac't,
Of yore content with fruits that did enſue
From feithful feilds, where al their hopes they plac't:
Now to the reſt I may it well reſemble,
Full taught to ſweare, forſweare, lie and diſſemble.

*Fœlix nimium prior ætas,*
*Contenta fidelibus arvis.*

I ſee

# *Cataſcopos.*

I ſee extortion, and that boundleſſe gulf,
Hight vſury, which ſuck vp humane blood,
Deuouring lyue fleſh, like an hungrie woolf,
And vntill death, do neuer mite of good:
Where is old loue, which charitie men cleepe?
And where is conſcience? ſunck or ſound on ſleepe.

*Divitis ad manes nil feret vmbra ſuos.*

*Dormierunt ſomnum ſuum, & nihil invenerunt,*
*Viri divitiarum in manibus ſuis.*

I ſee

# *Cataſcopos.*

I ſee in youth no reu'rence to old yeares,
Temples are made but marts to traffique in,
Regard to vertue but in feiwe appears,
Good works and almſdeeds are accompted ſinne:
Freindſhip is fled, and feithfull loue exiled,
*Sathan* ſo much this laſt age hath beguiled.

——————————— *heu dona bonorum*
*Sunt breuia, æternum, quæ nocuere, dolent.*

I ſee

# *Cataſcopos.*

I ſee a ſect of Locuſts ſwarme of late,
That prie into ech *Prince* is Cabinet,
And rampe vpon the Maieſtie of ſtate,
*Aſſaſſinats*, though ſheepe they counterfet,
Whoſe proiect, is the worke of holy good,
Whoſe practize, poyſon, ſtrife, rebellion, bloud.

*Quo, quo ſceleſti ruitis?*
*Furor ne cœcus, an rapit vis acrior?*
*An culpa?*

——————————— *culpa. vndiq; tuto*
*Aſtutæ vulpes penetrarunt viſcera regni.*

I ſee

# *Cataſcopos.*

I ſee another ſect their oppoſite,
That leap beyond the limits of the lawe,
And perſonat the curious *hipocrite*,
Of King and Church without reſpect or awe:
Inſtain'd with *Phreſie*, of neiw reformation,
That broach contempt, pride, peril, innouation.

*Alter et alterius hoſtis, vterq; nocet.*

I ſee

# *Catascopos.*

I see the true *Euangelistes* dispos'd,
And held betwixt theis two extreams, at naught,
The one with foreigne stratagems disguisd;
The other with domestique rancor fraught:
And both they, from their proper ends, conspire,
To set all states and kingdomes on a fire.

*Pestiferum mira propinant arte venenum,*
*Et miseras blando circundant ore puellas.*

# *Cataſcopos.*

I ſee the neſts, that nourſh and maintaine
Thoſe *harpies*, built in place of eminence:
Courts, Citie, groues, hils, vallies and the plaine,
Shroud and ſupport their vncurbd inſolence:
☞ The Centinels, that ſhould the feilds defend,
As Scar-crowes, but amaze, but not amend.

*Nihil intereſt, faueas ne ſceleri,*
*an illud facias.*

I ſee

# *Cataſcopos.*

I ſee a *Chaos* of the vniuers,
Religion, laws, minds, maners, tongues transform'd,
Whilom the direct current, now reuers.
The Luſtre of the holy place deform'd,
☞ Where ſin doth ſit and ſwaie the ſtedles helme:
Whiles *Schiſme* & ſects poore vertue ouerwhelme.

*Tempora temporibus ſuccumbunt prima futuris.*

# *Cataſcopos.*

I ſee that triple mitred monſters head
Gilt with the gores of ſacred maieſtie,
His *Altans* ore with guiltleſſe blood be ſpred,
But that's not all, O vnhard butcheries!
He lookt of late, at one blow, to deuoure
A King, Queene, Prince, and kingdom in an houre.

*Stat cruor in templis, multaq; rubentia cade*
*Lubrica ſaxa madent, nulli ſua profuit etas,*
*Non genus aut ſexus.*

# *Cataſcopos.*

I ſee, O God! and muſt I hold my peace?
Are not the liues of Kings and Princes deere?
Will heere, thinke you, their rabious furie ceaſe?
No, no, moe plots in practice are, I feare.
☞ Let Iacob know, no true peace to enioy,
When Ægypt ſtill affronts him with annoy.

*Incauta ſemper nimia præſumptio eſt,*
*& ſui negligens.*

# *Cataſcopos.*

I ſee the Bees, whoſe feithfull zeale inclin'd,
Their hiues with waxe and hony to repler,
By ſlothfull drons confronted and confin'd,
That ſucke the ſweet, for which they neuer ſwet:
But hog-like francke and feed their glottonie,
Whiles their poore flock vnfed and famiſht lye.

*Dat veniam coruis, vexat cenſura columbas.*
*——— et ſic*
*Infœlix lolium, ſteriles dominantur auenæ.*

# Cataſcopos.

I ſee the cureles *Gangren* that infects
And mortifies the bodies ſoundeſt part,
Diſperſe it ſelfe with dangerous affects,
Through al the veines, to ſeize vpon the hart:
And yet I ſee nor art nor policie,
Giue ruputre to that mortall malidie.

*Aditum nocendi, perfido preſtat fides.*

*Opprime, dum noua ſunt, ſubiti mala ſemina morbi,*
*Antidotus cinerinam ſua ſera venit.*

## Cataſcopos.

I ſee examples, that reach to be wiſe,
Remote, and of too recent memorie,
Whoſe yet hoat blood, aſcended to the skies,
Call for reueinge, but held as dreams; and why?
For *Sirens* ſongs doe lul our ſenſe aſleepe.
Our dogs are dead, wolfs ouerrun the sheepe.

*Fiſtula dulce canit, volucrem dum decipit auceps,*
*Cordaq; fœdifragum mortalia faſcinat aurum.*

I ſee

# Cataſcopos.

I ſee the two forerunners of the fall
And period of Eſtats and Monarchies,
Venting their venim blancht with ſugred gall,
Two fatal Siſters Pride and Luxuries:
That with their vnknown ſtrange effects portend,
Or woe, or wracke or ruine in the end.

*Luxus & ſuperbia non ægrota modo,*
*Sed periclitantis reipublicæ inditia.*

I ſee

# *Cataſcopos.*

I ſee all ſinnes haue *eſta's* height ore paſt,
And ſwel at ful with *Autums* ſurcharg'd wonder,
Expecting that both ſyth and ſickle haſt,
To cut the proud apoſtum'd bulke in ſunder:
That *Sodome-like Rhamnuſia* do conſume,
Boulk, ſtuble, ſtraw & chaffe with quenchles fume.

*Grandia ſupplicijs grauibus peccata luuntur.*

I ſee

# *Cataſcopos.*

I ſee the Eagles in confined eie
To toure about the earth's inheritance,
Scorning all birds that would him timber bye,
To interrupt his ſelfe ſole gouernance: (conteine,
Whoſe ſublim'd thoughts which no meane can
Shall know, 'gainſt God, mans counſels are but
(vaine.

*Quicquid in altum fortuna tulit, ruitura leuat.*
*Depoſuit potentes de ſede ſua, &c.*

I ſee

# *Cataſcopos.*

I ſee the glorious Churches of the Eaſt,
Whoſe ſplendor long time, till of late had ſhin'd,
Now by the common enemie poſſeſt.
Shal home-bred diſcord ſtil our Iudgements blin'd?
And ſhall our ſelfs be ſtirs-men to our woe?
I ſay no more, God graunt it be not ſo.

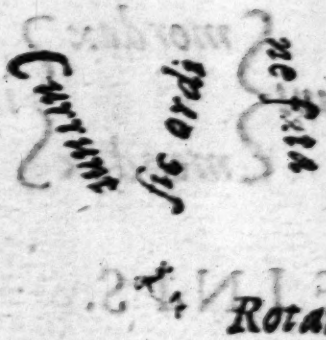
*Propter iniquitatem populi transferetur*
*regnum de gente in gentem.*

I ſee

# *Cataſcopos.*

I ſee, and what? O ſee, but ſigh no more,
To weepe or laugh were paſſions, bootles, vaine.
Compute the ſeaſons that haue paſt before;
From peace to wars, from wars to peace againe:
And thou ſhalt ſay, it is decreed from *hie*,
Times haue their turns, aske not *Iehouah* why.

*Mundus ſemper ſibi ſimilis.*



*Rotat omnia fatum.*

# Cataſcopos.

*Cogita ſuper nos, O Deus, cogitationes pacis & non afflictionis, & des finem & patientiam, & inuocabimus te, & viuemus. Amen.*

*Verbum Domini manet in aternum.*

——— *non me*

*Falſus honos iuuat, aut* { *mordax* / *mendax* } *infamia terret.*

FINIS.